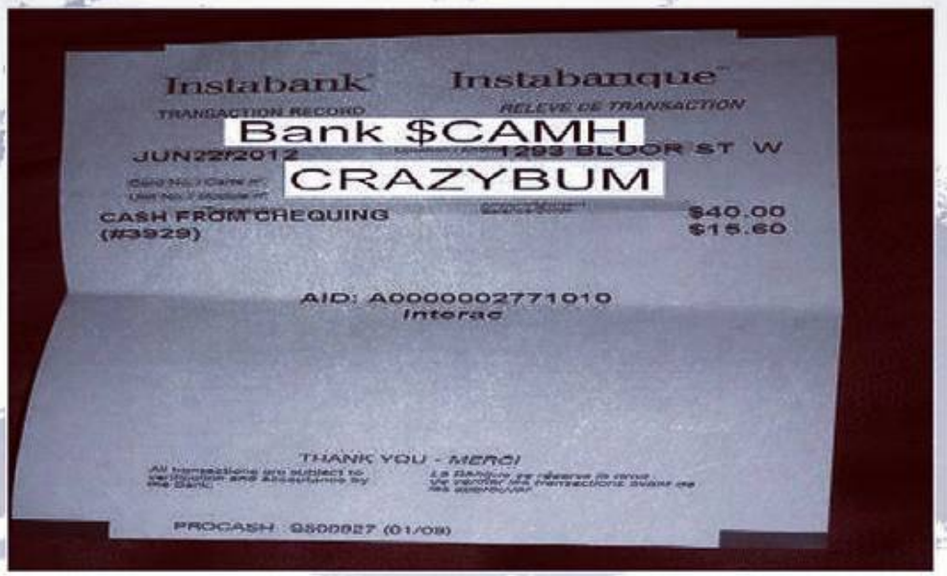

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When Butch got back he was furious. His knock sounded more entitled than ever. When Johnny opened the door, he immediately started to tell him what happened. The intake psychiatrist was a QUACK. The first moment he saw him, he got a very bad feeling.

He was a little man, with a shiny bald pate and a whispy goatee. He wore combat fatigues. Camouflage. Flack jacket and pants. He unctuously invited Butch to please be seated, young man.

Johnny couldn't believe the luck. C. Lamprini Eel. The PIONEER OF SOCIAL CHANGE himself!

Butch began by confessing. He felt a little shaky. He'd had too much beer last night. Designing that BAR MENU....

Instead of listening the shrink suddenly brandished Butch's file and shouted, aha! This confirmed what he'd already strongly suspected from just a cursory glance at his history. Butch wasn't paranoid at all! He was just another FUCKING JUNKY!

He was going to put him in his sexy new ANTI-SMOKING PROGRAM at $CAMH!

Babyface got run over. He'd be the new POSTER BOY!

He'd sell CHAMPIX!

Johnny had to supress a smile. Butch, with his Rasputin beard, his duct-taped shower shoes, his aluminum cane(s), his chains, his air of entitlement stronger even than his after-shave....

That was some TRANSFORMATION....